

All the Things You Are

Frank Sinatra

You are the promised kiss of springtime
That makes the lonely winter seem long
You are the breathless hush of evening
That trembles on the brink of a lovely song

You are the angel glow that lights the star
The dearest things that I know are what you are
Someday my happy arms will hold you
And someday I'll know that moment divine
When all the things you are, are mine

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